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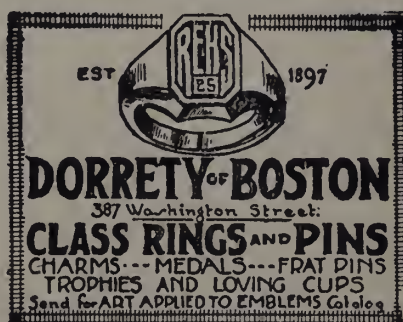
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# The Latin School Register

VOL. XLIII

APRIL, 1924

No. 7

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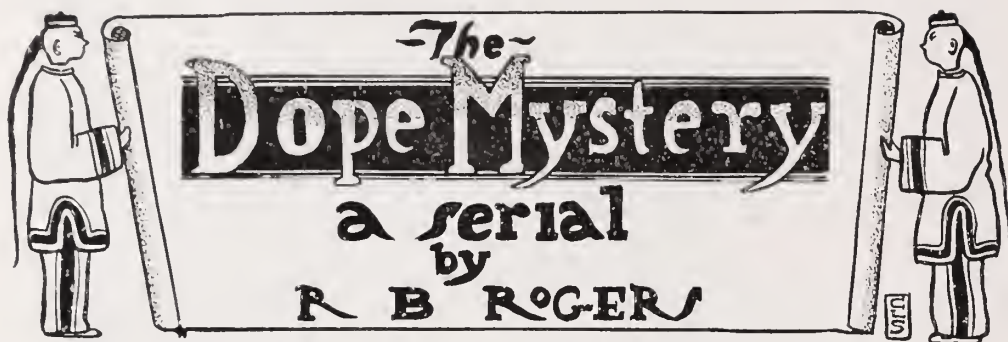
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## Editorials

Until now, most of us have been satisfied with the present. To go on, from day to day, accomplishing the little tasks before us, without peering into the future, has been enough for us. Now, however, as the year draws near its close, we begin to see before us, as if through a heavy mist, the dim and vague outlines of the future,—it becomes necessary for us to determine the course of our next year. We delay as much as possible, but the more we delay, the more necessary does a decision become; until, if we are not prepared, we find ourselves against the wall, forced to make a decision which is oft-times hasty and quite unpremeditated. It would, therefore, be far wiser to begin thinking of our next year's work at once. Be not over hasty; a single error now may mean a spoiled career in the near future.

After determining our future we must put our nose to the grindstone to realize our ambition. The ultimate goal must ever be before us,—never ought we to go astray, away from the path of life we had determined to follow. We must know that it requires unflinching courage and unbending determination to look ever forward to the distant future. We should so much like to stop for a while, on our path, to play in the glorious spring sunshine,—to wade in the clear brook babbling over the rounded pebbles on its way from the snow-clad hills of its source to the great, boundless ocean,—to gaze at the sparkling stream of life flowing past us while we rest, leaning against the tottering railing that supports the sluggard. But no! the urge of spring must not be denied; time for rest and play the future holds for us in plenty; now that we are able, we must work.

—B. B. R.



## SYNOPSIS

Percy Hawkins, a great inspector at Scotland Yard, is puzzled over the ever-increasing number of dope addicts. He sets the best detective of the Yard, Martin Mewitt, to work on the case. After intensive investigating all suspicions are centered on a mysterious Chinaman and a man named Blanc, who seem to be connected with this dope problem. Investigation reveals that all operations of these men seem to be centered around a house which has, to all appearances, only one small room, the rest of the house being solid wood. Mewitt is unable to accomplish anything, so Hawkins sends for Larsene Dupin, the premier detective of France. After a consultation with Hawkins, Dupin leaves the office, but has no sooner stepped into the corridor of the main building than a shot rings out. Hastening back to Hawkins' office, he finds him sprawled out on the floor, dead.

## PART II

Dupin first looked at the corpse, then shot glances all around the room, his eye immediately catching sight of an open window. A few quick steps carried him to the window just in time to see a running figure disappearing around a corner of the building. He immediately sprang out of the window, dropping a few feet to the ground. Then, much to the surprise of those coming into the room, after hearing the shot, he, instead of doing the natural thing, namely, following the murderer, as this must be the murderer, took a package out of his pocket and set about a curious task.

Watching him were a few people, but most of those who had come into the room paid their attention to the now lifeless body of the great inspector.

Those who were watching Dupin saw him open the package, which contained a sort of powder, and sprinkle some of this powder on the window sill and the part of the building directly under it. After scrutinizing the results of this experiment he immediately took out a pencil and started to jot down notes evidently concerning the window sill and the wall. It seemed to those who were watching him that he was taking impressions of finger-prints. He then looked closely at the foot-prints on the ground, afterwards jotting down some more notes.

In the meanwhile, all those in the room were attracted by the entrance of a tall, stocky man, who, coming in, took command of the case. "Who has followed the murderer?" the new arrival asked after the scene that had just taken place was related to him.

"No one has," was the answer that came from Dupin as he came in through the window.

"Why not?" demanded the new-comer angrily.

"Because I would not allow any one to chase the murderer," was the immediate response of Dupin.

"Who are you, that you have authority to give such orders?" haughtily asked the man.

"I might ask the same thing of you," said the French detective; "however, my name is Larsene Dupin."

"Are you the great French detective?" queried the stranger.

"I am a French detective," retorted Dupin, "although I will not say I am a great one, but who are you?"

"I am Hartin Mewitt, and I am certainly relieved to see you in our midst," was the answer.

The two men shook hands.

Then followed a series of events that kept them busy until six o'clock that evening. During this time they were occupied in seeing that Hawkins' body was taken care of. At six o'clock that evening they were free and met in the office of the deceased inspector.

"Strange to relate," began Dupin, "I am almost sure that this dope mystery has something to do with the murder of Hawkins."

"I am of the same opinion" asserted Mewitt.

"I hope to have certain proof of this fact to-morrow," said Dupin. "But to get down to business, before I can form any definite conclusions, I must spend at least one day by myself figuring the possibilities of this affair. I must figure this problem as if I were at the head of the dope smugglers and also the murderer of Hawkins. I shall send two of my trained men to investigate certain matters. As to bringing this mystery to a head, all I ask is that you, Mr. Mewitt, with five of your best men meet me the day after to-morrow near the mysterious house, and within three days of that time I shall bring the culprits to justice. Is this proposition satisfactory to you?"

"If you can do it in that time," said Mewitt, not without wonder, "you are the greatest detective of the age. As for your proposition's being satisfactory, it certainly is."

"Then I shall see you, Mr. Mewitt, at 10 A. M. near this strange house, the day after to-morrow. Au revoir." This was remarked by Dupin, who, taking his hat, walked out. He left behind him an astounded man, who, nevertheless had one of the keenest minds in England.

Two days later, ten men met on Coston Street, about fifty yards from the mysterious house. There were in this small group some of the keenest and sharp-witted detectives of France and England; Larsene Dupin with three trusty French detectives and Hartin Mewitt with five of the most loyal and tried men of Scotland Yard. Larsene Dupin's men bore unusual implements. One carried two small sledge-hammers, the other two, a long ladder.

Mewitt asked no questions, but, looking puzzled, walked along with the group towards the house, which had baffled all the detectives of Scotland Yard. When they arrived at the house, Dupin's men, throwing up the ladder, ascended to the roof. Dupin also climbed the ladder, followed by the six Englishmen.

When they were all on the roof, Dupin asked everyone to look around and see if he noticed anything suspicious about the roof. They, after making a thorough inspection said that the roof was the same as most of the English houses of that time were,—namely, flat, with gutters on all sides and pebbles thrown all over it.

Dupin said, "Find a pebble that is stuck fast to the roof." After searching



for about fifteen minutes, one was found answering to the condition. No one could move it even by exerting all his strength on it.

"This pebble," said Dupin calmly, "is the key to the mystery."

The Englishmen, with the exception of Mewitt, looked at him in surprise. Then they looked at each other, as if to say, "How can a pebble be the key to a mystery, especially to as great a mystery as this?"

Turning around, Dupin ordered one of Mewitt's Englishmen and one of his Frenchmen to go into the only known room of the house and with a sledge-hammer the Englishman should pound on the walls and the Frenchman should drill holes in the wall with a sharp drill that Dupin carried in his pocket. The men immediately left on their errand.

Dupin then directed one of his men to take the other sledge-hammer and when he gave the word to hit the pebble on the top as hard as he could. He then warned all the men that regardless of what happened, they should do nothing inside of three days. At the end of three days they could follow their own judgement and do what they thought was best.

After this warning, taking Mewitt by the arm, he walked three steps from the pebble towards the centre of the roof.

Then looking towards the Frenchman he said, "Are you ready?" Putting his hand on Mewitt's shoulder he asked the same question.

Both responded in the affirmative. Then raising his voice he said quickly, "Hit it!"

As the Frenchman struck the pebble, part of the roof sank, and *Dupin and Mewitt were swallowed by the hole.*

*(To be continued in the next issue of the "Register")*

## EXCHANGES

*By A. H. Canner*

The *Radiator*, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.—We believe that in your article on the Exchange Column you have really supplied a means by which all magazines may be raised to the highest standards of excellence. If this idea of collecting arguments for or against some certain "innovation applicable to one's own magazine" were to be recognized by every high school publication in the East, we believe that magazines of higher and better quality would be distributed among the student subscribers. We should be glad to receive any information concerning this article in your magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Recorder*, Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.—On glancing through your magazine we were disappointed in finding so many columns of names and such a small number of articles contained in so *large* a magazine. Why not decrease the length and width and *increase* the thickness?

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Gastineau Breeze*, Douglas, Alaska—A complete school newspaper. Yours is a welcome exchange. Come again!

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Radiator*, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.—An interesting exchange. The story, "Wanted, a Little Boy!" is very well written.



## AS SEEN BY OTHERS

Latin School *Register*, Boston, Mass.—Your dedication number was very well done and it sets quite an example to the rest of us. Accept our admiration. We are eagerly looking forward to your humor number and hope it will be all that the name implies.

—The *Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Boston.

## SCHOOL NOTES

*E. Michelman*

The trio which entertained us so well at the Monday morning exercises of March third consisted of Irving Kogos, piano; H. Goldman, cello; and Jacob Fishgal, violin

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a four year scholarship now waiting to be applied for. Is a Latin School boy going to take it? It is called the Harvey Firestone Scholarship and will pay the expenses of a boy going to any college in the United States. All that is necessary to get it is merely to be the winner in the Good Roads essay contest. The subject this year is "How good roads affect family life."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Latin School is still supreme in scholarship at Harvard University. This fact is proven since we have thirteen boys in group I and II, with Exeter Academy our nearest rival, having only seven. The boys in group I are: Elliot Bailen '26, Eugene Chellis Glover '24, and Myron Samuel Silbert '24.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ALUMNI NOTES

On March twentieth, Charles W. Eliot, '49, President Emeritus of Harvard University, celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Hermann Hagedorn, in a comment on President Eliot's latest book, "A Late Harvest," aptly expresses the opinion and respect of all people for this foremost of educators. "If there is anything more glorious than youth, it is an old age in which the tended fires are made to serve as a beacon on the mount of experience."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Byen Hollings '96, has been appointed assistant medical director of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. He has charge of the company's X or Roentgen ray department. Dr. Hollings served with the United States Medical Corps during the World War.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Archibald T. Davison '02, Associate Professor of Music at Harvard, is giving a series of public lectures on "The Development of Choral Music." These lectures are under the auspices of the Lowell Institute.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eldon Guild Stanwood '14, a member of the *Register* staff while in this school, is now with Tucker, Anthony, and Company.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regret the death of Dr. George Adams Leland '70, a widely known surgeon. Dr. Leland was an eye, ear, and throat specialist and gained a great reputation for his work in that branch of surgery.

## VENGEANCE

*Prologue*

The Land of the Great Northwest! What a name to conjure with! An indescribable charm clings to it, lending an air of enchantment and of mystery. This is a land, where, to survive, a man must be, in the fullest sense of the word, a man.

## I

It was snowing. Clear, white snow, untainted by factory smoke or city air, lay deep on the lap of Mother Earth. The log cabin, solitary, alone in the vast whiteness bore mute testimony to the powers of the snowstorm. The feathery, white flakes had piled the roof high and had made barricades of the walls of the cabin. Through the only window, a feeble light shone forth upon a white world, and beside the window the door swung gently to and fro. Presently it was slammed shut, causing a flurry of snow to rise high in the air. Within, a petulant, high-pitched voice sounded. It was that hour between sunset and darkness, and the snow, in contrast to the gloom, seemed to glow, giving a weird, luminous outline to the cabin. Everything was calm, white and tranquil.

But what was that that crept so stealthily to the cabin window? Gone now were the beauty and the peacefulness of the scene. Behold this sinister figure of a man upon whose every feature was written, so that all might read, a single deadly purpose,—revenge. The air now seemed charged with electricity as the man, with rifle held ready, peered intently through the window. Upon his face, which was faintly disclosed by the light from the cabin, was the unmistakable mark of prison pallor and his eyes burned like live coals in his massive head as he fixed them upon an old man within the cabin. He wouldn't soon forget him. But out of a haze the features appeared to him as he had last seen them, an evil face framed in a scraggly beard, greed the predominating mark of the countenance. No, he wouldn't forget those features very well after tonight's work. He laughed grimly. "Miser," he cried in his ten day's growth of beard. The object of his attention was now engaged in the evening's task, trivial, and to all other eyes unimportant, but the features of the man outside became twisted with rage as he looked upon the man who had wronged him. A cry that sounded as if it came from the very depths of his heart escaped him. He cried in a voice vibrant with feeling, "Oh, God! give me strength! Vengeance! Vengeance!"

The miser started, looked around apprehensively, and then became quiet again. It almost seemed that the miser had heard the supplication in spite of the softness with which it was spoken. But the man outside, overcome by weakness and the consuming fire of his rage, had fallen face foremost in the snow, struggled a moment, then lay still. His rifle, like an accusing finger, pointed to the door of the cabin.

In a faraway farm house, in a warmer climate, a peaceful family dressed in the fashion of long ago, sat around a roaring blaze in the stone fireplace, while the father read the Bible aloud. The shadows from the polished andirons played on the wall, and the room was dark, save for the friendly glow from the fireplace. A light-haired youngster of seven years sat on his mother's knee, nodding and almost fast asleep. He was a bright little fellow, but the hour was late and his father's voice droning on and on seemed but to lull him to sleep. The father read on with no signs of stopping, and the child was fast asleep, when suddenly out of the

maze of words a sentence, coming with clarion clearness, as compared to the droning tone of the rest, fixed itself deeply in the tablets of his memory. "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord."

Confusedly, and with a curious ringing in his ears the man outside arose, passing in front of his eyes a hand that trembled, a hand that held a long, blue, shining rifle. He seemed to see a fireplace in the home of his youth, with a peaceful family seated around. What were those words that seemed so familiar and yet so unfamiliar, that rose naturally to his lips as if ready and waiting for just this occasion? "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord."

"Vengeance is Mine,"—he muttered stupidly. "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord."

Meanwhile the miser, within the cabin, after blowing out the sputtering candle and glancing furtively around to make sure that the cabin was in absolute darkness, moved uncertainly to a far corner of the room, stooped low, and once again made sure that he was not watched. Then came the jingling sound of a bunch of keys and then he selected one, fitted it to an almost new lock, and a trap door, cunningly concealed in the floor, sprang up. It operated on a contrivance somewhat like a spring. It had, in fact, a spring lock. The darkness hung like a curtain, and the smell of earth was wafted up by a breeze from the cracks between the logs. The old one proceeded slowly and with muttered imprecations of pain, for he wasn't so spry as he used to be, down a rickety, crazy old ladder that shook at every step. Eventually he reached the bottom. He lit a lantern, which lay in a nook in the underground vault. The vault was lined on one side with stone, about ten feet deep and so constructed that no sound of hollowness could be heard by anyone above. In one corner was a small safe, rusty and about three feet high. To this with hurried steps the miser hastened. Tenderly he spun the knob, opened the safe and fondled the sack of money. Gleefully he tossed bills and coins up in the air and with greedy hands picked them up, if by any chance they escaped him. He amused himself in this way for about ten minutes, growing more spry, jumping after the coins. None escaped him in the end. Now one fell in a far corner, but with a leap he garnered it in and continued to play. One coin fell at the foot of the ladder, but with a pounce, he was upon it. With a bang his shoulder collided with the ladder. Slam! Bang! The echoes in the vault rang.

"What was that?" he cried with ashen face in a paroxysm of fear. Looking upward he beheld darkness. The trap door had shut. "Oh," he cried in relief, "I've got the key right here in my pocket. His hand delved in the pocket of his shabby suit. "Not there? No!" he cried in some alarm, "it isn't." Hurriedly he searched the other pockets, but with the same result. What could he do? How could he get out? Who was near here? Wouldn't anybody help him? Must he die here of starvation? These and other questions forced themselves upon him, and he could find no answers for them. But with ceaseless tread, the faint gleam of the oil lantern his only guide, he searched the floor for the keys that meant life or death to him.

The man outside, unaware of the miser's danger, seemed as if in a stupor. He repeated slowly and distinctly the phrase, "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord," several times, and then, as the words sank into his brain, and the meaning, clearly and distinctly, fairly threw itself at him, he uttered a terrible cry, a sob straight from his heart. Brokenly and with tear-stained face he fell to his knees on the hard, unyielding crust of the snow and cried, "Oh Lord! After all these years dost thou



deliver him from my avenging hands? Ah!" and his hands fell heavily to his side as he said almost bitterly, "the way of the Lord is just and who am I to question it? I, who have spent seven long years in prison for another's crime. Seven years of agony, years of blasted hopes." His voice rose to a shrill scream, as he became more excited and voluble. "Years of separation from the world and those I held dear," he fairly spat out, "years of hell! Even now I am sought for, as an escaped convict, a murderer, and all because of him," pointing to the cabin. "Ah, it is hard, hard! But the Lord will take care of him and me, too," he added in a tremulous voice, "Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord, and I will go back. Back to those walls where all I can see of this earth is a patch of blue sky, where all is guarded, and where I am, although innocent, charged with and convicted of murder. But vengeance belongs to the Lord. Yes, 'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord."

Pacing, like a caged animal, up and down his narrow vault, the miser, eyes fixed on the ground, was interrupted by a sound, which, in spite of the danger which had unfolded itself to him but a few minutes ago, forced him to listen. A shrill sound had crept into the bleakness of the subterranean chamber. Forgotten for the moment were the precious bags of gold. But not for long! As the shrill sound increased in volume his hope arose, and as he became certain that the voice was that of a human being he would have shouted. But the sound that arose in his breast was checked and became a spluttering, vague, and indistinct noise. The money slipped from his nerveless fingers. Then with startling clearness, as if wafted on a breeze, the awful words "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord," floated down in clear, denouncing tones. The miser shivered with fright. The words rang in his ears. In the semi-darkness he sat as if petrified repeating, as had the man outside, "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord." With an air of terrified resignation he continued, "I am guilty of the crime for which he was sent to prison for life. I must clear him of it before I die." No thought of his escaping the living death that awaited him now remained. He was doomed. He rummaged among the contents of the safe, selected a pencil and piece of paper and wrote with shaking fingers the complete confession and account of his imprisonment and the prospect of a lingering death. No sooner had he finished this than with a sputter the lantern went out. The miser was left alone with his reflections in the darkness of what promised to be a horrible, drawn-out death.

The man outside was upon his knees in the snow, his tear-stained face shining with a glorious light, a light that told of something worth while, something that was worth all to accomplish; the conquest of self. He breathed a short prayer, ending with "For her sake, Oh Lord, help me, help me to do Thy will! Amen!" Without a backward glance, without a drop of anger rankling in his heart he set out upon his journey prisonward.

## II

The sun had risen and set, and a new day had begun, for the imprisoned miser, a day of unending length; for the escaped prisoner, a day that ended too soon. Another day came, and the miser feebly struggling against Fate, beat against the walls, the safe, the trap door, until his hands were covered with blood, screamed, shouted, and cried until his voice no longer responded. But as if kept away by some unknown spirit, he dared not touch the paper upon which was written his confession. His throat was parched. He felt the end near, and yet the money, which had so often solaced him before, could offer no comfort to him now. With the last

of his strength he threw the bills and gold coins as far away as he could and whispered, for he could not talk, imprecations against them, himself, and everybody and everything. But still, although it lay within easy reach of his hand, the confession lay untouched. Suddenly he reached out for the paper and tore it just a bit, for his strength was almost gone. Bit by bit he made the tear larger, but while he was engaged in this the grim reaper crept slowly forward, the miser's hand trembled, a glassy stare crept into his eyes, and his soul passed into the hands of his Maker.

### III

The prison warden looked up in glad surprise as two guards entered, half carrying, half supporting, a man.

"Got him, eh! Good! I'll call in all the searching parties and sheriff's posses right away." He reached for the telephone and in the space of an hour recalled all the searching parties,—all except one. This posse had gone further north than the rest, into the land of the Great Northwest. They, however, could not be reached.

A great load had been lifted from the warden's mind by the capture of this "lifer". He was now more certain of his position. His confidence, which had been so sorely lacking since the "lifer's" sensational escape, two months ago, now returned in full force.

"As soon as he recovers, bring him in here," he said to the prison doctor, "and, if we can make him tell it, we'll hear an interesting story."

But the prisoner would say nothing except to verify the reports of his giving himself up to one of the searching parties. He was given up as a "bad case," and confined to solitary imprisonment for two months as a punishment for his escape.

The court room was crowded. Here and there, ill at ease in the environment of the court, were men, tall of stature, hardy and tanned by the weather, trappers and hunters. These men were of the posse that had ventured farther north than any other, in search of the escaped "lifer". Summoned to the witness stand they related how they had found the cabin of an old man, a miser by repute, smoldering. The walls were burnt down and through the gaping holes in the wooden floor, they had perceived the starved body of the miser covered with bills and gold. Beside him they had found a paper torn almost in half, upon which was written a confession.

Here, their spokesman's story was interrupted by the judge who asked to see the paper. No sooner had he read it and made sure of its being authentic than he spoke the words that gave a man freedom."

"Acquitted of the murder for which he was put in prison; second, acquitted of the murder of Joshua Teele, the guilty party. Since no heirs or relatives were found, the State gives the fifty thousand dollars discovered upon the miser's person and in his safe, to the former lifer. This money would normally revert to the State but it is given to Mr. Silas Norton, as a gift of the State in payment of a debt which they can never hope to fulfill," was the text of the newspaper statements, which were in the headlines for several days.

A few days later the warden, after bidding Norton farewell, said to his assistant, "It's a funny thing, Jim, but the words of the Bible always come true. Take f'r instance in this case 'Vengeance is Mine', saith the Lord. That's just about what happened."

—Allan R. Rosenberg.

## Sports

By E. J. Keefe

### THE RELAY CARNIVAL

The well-known cheer of the Latin School rang through the East Armory on February 28: and well it might, for the Purple and White won two championships, two seconds, and, to leave no doubt of their powers, broke two records.

The senior two-lap team won the City Championship as has long been their custom, smashing all sorts of records. The team, composed of Joe Nolan, Vin and John Sullivan, and Frank O'Brien covered the distance in 2m 55.3-5s breaking the city record, held by our own Latin team of Charlie Hunt, Red Haggerty, Joe Ingoldsby, and John Sullivan, by 3 1-3 seconds. It betters the Prep record held by Huntington by 3 2-5s and the state record held by Brookline by 1 4-5s. The team was withdrawn from the Regimentals because of an injury to O'Brien's foot. The loss of a sure five points hurt our chances in the "Reggies", but better lose five points than to have a runner receive a serious injury.

The intermediate team of Hoyer, Foulds, Wildes, and Holzman, qualified for the City finals, by finishing second to Mechanic Arts. In the final, Mechanic Arts and English led us, with Dorchester in fourth. The team failed to qualify for the Regimental finals.

Senior one-lap team, composed of Parks, Wells, Goldman, and Sullivan, was second to Dorchester in City heat, second to English in City final, and fourth to Trade, English, and Jamaica Plain in Regimental final.

Junior team—Epstein, Higer, Russman, and Gallagher, was second to Commerce in heat and second to Commerce in City final. Won Regimental

Championship in the record breaking time of 45s, breaking a record of 45 1-2s which had been made by an English High team in 1916.

The work of the relay team gave us a tie for second in the Reggies with English, Trade, and Hyde Park with 6 points. Commerce is leading with 7. In the City meet we are leading with 11, English second with 10.

\* \* \*

### MECHANIC ARTS MEET SENIOR

*50-yard hurdles*—Won by Goldman (L); McCarthy (M), second; Collins (L), third; Leary (L), fourth.

*50-yard dash*—Won by Hammer (L); W. Sullivan (L), second; Wells (L), third; R. Sullivan (L), fourth.

*300-yard run*—Won by Moriarty (M); Nolan (L), second; Sullivan (L), third; Cummings (L), fourth.

*600-yard run*—Won by McKinney (M); Dias (M), second; Cataldo (L), third; Lindberg (M), fourth.

*1000-yards*—Won by Thompson (M); McLaughlin (L), second; Keefe (L), third; Driscoll (L), fourth.

*Shot Put*—Won by Lyons (L), 33 ft. 9 1-4 in.; King (M), second, 32 ft. 1 in.; Sullivan (L), third, 32 ft. 5 in.; Fusonic (L) and Mason (L), tie for fourth, 31 ft. 7 in.

*High jump*—Won by McKinney (M), 5 ft. 4 in.; Spedens (M), second, 5 ft. 3 in.; Beveridge (L), third, 5 ft.; Black (L) and McGibbon (M), tie for fourth, 4 ft. 10 in.

*Broad jump*—Won by Collins (L), 8 ft. 6 3-8 in.; Lally (M), second, 8 ft. 4 1-2 in.; Moriarty (M), third, 8 ft. 1 1-2 in.; tie for fourth, Boles (L) and Goldman (L), 8 ft. 1 in.



## INTERMEDIATE

*50-yard hurdles*—Won by Chisholm (M); Landau (L), second; Woodbury (L), third; West (L), fourth.

*50-yard dash*—Won by Favello (M); Hoye (L), second; Barrish (L), third; Smyth (L), fourth.

*220-yard run*—Won by Salamone (M); Wildes (L), second; Finklestein (L), third; Courtney (M), fourth.

*600-yard run*—Won by Holzman (L); Walsh (L), second; Tierney (M), third; Brady (L), fourth.

*Shot put*—Won by Lima (L), 39 ft. 5 in.; Barrish (L) second, 35 ft. 11 in.; McCarthy (M), third, 35 ft. 8 in.; Hamilton (M), fourth, 34 ft. 7 in.

*High jump*—Won by Chisholm (M), 4 ft. 10 in.; Wildes (L), second, 4 ft. 9 in.; Finklestein (L), third, 4 ft. 3 in.; Landau (L), fourth, 4 ft.

*Broad jump*—Won by Hoye (L), 8 ft. 3 1-2 in.; Mellen (M), second, 8 ft. 1 1-2 in.; Woodbury (L), third, 7 ft 7 in.; West (L), fourth, 7 ft. 6 in.

\* \* \*

## JUNIORS

*50-yard hurdles*—Won by Higer (L); Locke (M), second; Mann (L), third; Pearce (M), fourth.

*50-yard dash*—Won by Epstein (L); Bukowsky (M), second; De Santis (L), third; McGrath (L), fourth.

*160-yard run*—Won by Russman (L); Burns (M), second; Gallagher (L), third; Ulchack (M), fourth.

*Shot put*—Won by Silvetelli (L), 33 ft. 4 1-4 in.; Gallagher (L), second, 31 ft. 2 in.; Kilvansky (M), third, 30 ft. 5 1-2 in.; Putnam (L), fourth, 30 ft. 4 in.

*High jump*—Won by Higer (L), 4 ft. 5 in.; Finer (L), second, 4 ft. 4 in.; Burns (M), third, 4 ft. 3 in.; Tie for fourth between Bukowsky (M) and DeSantis (L), 4 ft. 2 in.

*Broad jump*—Won by Pearce (M), 7 ft. 6 in.; Epstein (L), second, 7 ft. 5 in.; Mann (L), third, 7 ft. 4 in.; Locke (M), fourth, 6 ft. 8 3-4 in.

## BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH MEET

The feature of the meet in which we were defeated by B. C. High was McLaughlin's great run in the 1000. Letting the trio of Maroon runners have things their own way for three laps, he drew up to them on the fourth and on the fifth sprinted by them to a victory. Cadran just nosed out Joe Hammer on the tape in the dash. John Sullivan won the 300 handily from McCabe of B. C. High. Nolan mistook the old finish line for the new one and was shut out in a heat which he could have easily won. Charlie Cataldo finished third in the six. Sammy Goldman lost a close race to Dooley in the hurdles.

B. C. High only defeated us by fourteen points in the running events, but piled up a vast lead of thirty-three in the field events. The summary:

Score: Boston College High 139, Boston Latin 92.

\* \* \*

## SENIOR

*50-yard hurdles*—Won by Dooley (BCH); Goldman (L), second; Ryan (BCH), third; Collins (L), fourth.

*50-yard dash*—Won by Cadran (BCH); Hammer (L), second; Murphy (BCH), third; W. Sullivan (L), fourth.

*300-yard run*—Won by J. Sullivan (L); McCabe (BCH), second; W. Sullivan (L), third; Cummings (L), fourth.

*600-yard run*—Won by Connors (BCH); McCann (BCH), second; Cataldo (L), third; Keefe (L), fourth.

*100-yard run*—Won by McLaughlin (L); Kelly (BCH), second; Coppins (BCH), third; Healy (BCH), fourth.

*Shot put*—Won by McGrath (BCH), 36 ft. 5 1-2 in.; Lyons (L), second 36 ft. 2 12 in.; Curley (BCH), third, 33 ft. 11 in.; J. Sullivan (L), fourth, 33 ft. 6 3-4 in..

*High jump*—Won by Ryan (BCH), 5 ft.; Borowsky (BCH), second, 5 ft.

4 in.; Wilson (L), third, 5 ft.; Beveridge (L), fourth, 4 ft. 11 in.

*Broad jump*—Won by McCabe (BCH), 9 ft. 2 in.; Cadran (BCH), second, 8 ft. 9 1-2 in.; Collins (L), third, 8 ft. 8 3-4 in.; Hammer (L), fourth, 8 ft. 8 in.

\* \* \*

### INTERMEDIATES

*50-yard hurdles*—Won by Barrett (BCH); Verger (L), second; Landau (L), third; Francis (BCH), fourth.

*50-yard dash*—Won by Hoyer (L); Smyth (L), second; Healey (BCH), third; Lyons, (BCH), fourth.

*220-yard run*—Won by Calnan (BCH); Chisholm (BCH), second; Donahue (BCH), third; Wildes (L), fourth.

*600-yard run*—Won by Holzman (L); Munroe (L), second; Walsh (L), third; Hines (BCH), fourth.

*Shot put*—Won by Lima (L), 39 ft. 7 3-4 in.; Healey (BCH), second, 37 ft. 7 3-4 in.; Barrish (L), third, 35 ft. 6 1-2 in.; Barrett (BCH), fourth, 34 ft. 3 1-2 in.

*High jump*—Won by Wildes (L), 4 ft. 11 in.; Hughes (BCH), second, 4 ft. 10 in.; Driscoll (BCH), third, 4 ft. 9 in.; Donovan (BCH), fourth, 4 ft. 8 in.

*Broad jump*—Won by Francis (BCH), 8 ft. 6 1-4 in.; Hoyer (L), second, 8 ft. 4 3-4 in.; Donaghue (BCH), third, 8 ft. 1 1-4 in.; Woodbury (L), fourth, 7 ft. 8 in.

\* \* \*

### JUNIORS

*50-yard hurdles*—Won by Connors (BCH); McDonald (BCH), second; Higer (L), third; Devinney (BCH), fourth.

*50-yard dash*—Won by Epstein (L); Miles (BCH), second; McCrohan (BCH), third; Carey (BCH), fourth.

*160-yard run*—Won by Hickey (BCH); Russman (L), second; Dunn (BCH), third; Gallagher (L), fourth.

*Shot put*—Won by Bernazanni (BCH), 38 ft. 11 in.; McDonald (BCH), second, 36 ft. 8 in.; Russo (BCH), third, 34 ft.

10 1-2 in.; DeSantis (L), fourth, 34 ft. 8 1-4 in.

*High jump*—Won by Dunn (BCH), 4 ft. 6 in.; Higer (L), second, 4 ft. 5 in.; Tie for third honor between Connolly, Chisholm and Tiernan, all of B. C. H., 4 ft. 4 in.

*Broad jump*—Won by McCrohan (BCH), 8 ft. 2 1-4 in.; Epstein (L), second, 7 ft. 8 1-4 in.; Mahoney (BCH), third, 7 ft. 7 in.; Hickey (BCH), fourth, 7 ft. 6 in.

\* \* \*

### THE REGIMENTAL MEET

Going into the Reggies with a team that the papers conceded a possible but not probable fourth, we went into a tie with Hyde Park for second, and would have had the second clear had it not been for the withdrawal of the two-lap relay.

Our cause looked hopeless at the conclusion of the field events, in which we took only two places, both firsts, however. Sid Epstein jumped to a win in the junior broad jump, and Lima won the intermediate shot put.

Higer made the first point for us in the running events by taking fourth in the juniors hurdles, won by Ryan of Commerce. This was the only point that the Purple, once mighty in the hurdles, scored in their former favorite events.

In the dashes, however, in which a Latin score was once a novelty, we piled up eleven points and broke a record. Epstein, who has acquired winning ways of late, did the record breaking in the first heat of the second round semi-finals, when he covered the fifty yards in 6 1-5 seconds, breaking the record held by Hird of South Boston. The Latin Juniors ran away with the final and accounted for five of the eleven dash points. Smyth and Hoyer scored the remaining six in the intermediate event. The former was off the mark like a bullet and led Faveloo of Mechanics

and Harrington of Dorchester to the tape. Hoyer, unlike his teammate was slow off the mark, but caught the field and took fourth. Both of Latin's qualifiers passed out of the senior dash in the semi-finals.

In the 160, Russman scored a fourth, and might have done better but for the shoving and pushing, in which everybody in that race seemed to be indulging. The semi-final saw the end of the Purple in the intermediate furlong, but when the 300 was called we were very much in evidence. Capt. John Sullivan had broken the old record set up by Kinally of Dorchester in the heat by doing 35 1-5 seconds. Joe Nolan had also won his heat and first round semi, so things had quite a Purple tinge. Denny of Trade and Hootstein of English were fast off the mark and executed a nifty box on the Latin pair. Hootstein won, with Denny second, Joe third, and John fourth. The time was much slower than John had done on the previous day and also slower than Nolan has been credited with. The writer has a faint suspicion that the race would have had a different outcome had either Nolan or Sullivan got the jump.

McLaughlin ran a heady race to a fourth in the thousand. In the record-breaking race most of the runners wilted under the pace, but the Latin man held his own.

Our final score of the day was in the intermediate 600, when Holzman raced to a third. It took a great deal of effort on the part of Holzman to break a box similar to the one on Sullivan and Nolan, but he was successful, largely because of the distance. As in the case of the two 300-yarders one is inclined to wonder where he would be if he broke loose earlier.

Although we had some bad luck as the foregoing narrative shows, nevertheless they were the breaks of the game, and as the entire meet passed without a

deliberate foul against a Latin man, there are no excuses.

A tie for second, with four records broken, was a good piece of work for a team "that might get fourth."

\* \* \*

### THE HOCKEY TEAM

After three unsuccessful attempts to decide the championship of Louis Pasteur Avenue, the hockey team defeated that of Commerce, 1-0, at the Arena, Saturday morning, March 1st. The team as it stands now will be a hard opponent for English High.

After a brilliant dribble through the Commerce team Fusonie turned toward the boards on the left side of the cage. Both Commerce defense men trailed him, not noticing the Latin center ice man in front of the cage. When he had decoyed the Blue and Gray defense men where he wanted them, the baseball captain passed to Neal, who sent a beautiful shot into the cage for what later proved to be the winning goal. The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Commerce</i>
Donaghy (Foster), rw	lw, Carty
Neal (Dwyer), c	c, McGrail
Tucker (Minton), lw	rw, (Mahony), Levys
Fusonie (Ryan), rd	ld, McInnis
Martin, ld	rd, McCarthy
Lyons, g	g, O'Keefe

Score: Latin 1, Commerce 0. Goal: Neal. Referees: Raymond and Quinlan. Time: Two 15-min. periods.

\* \* \*

### LATIN 2—ENGLISH 0

At the Arena, March 6, the hockey team secured a tight hold on second place in the league standing, and incidentally licked English High 2-0. While it was a clean game, it was a rough one, and most of the time a player of one team or the other was adorning the surface of the ice. The first goal was made in the second period. A rush toward the English goal by Neal



had been halted, but the puck continued its journey, stopping not far from the English cage. Minton, who had been sent in for Tom Tucker, was on the job, and beat the English goal tender in the rush for the puck, and the score was 1-0 for Latin. The second goal was the best piece of individual work by a Latin player this year. Fat Martin carried the puck through the entire English team from his position on defense, then drawing the Blue and Blue goalie from the cage, he made the game safe by scoring.

With this game, the hockey team ended its season. Although it cannot be called a very successful one, still, the victories over our greatest rivals, Mechanic Arts, Commerce and English, will cause it to be remembered as at least a pleasant one.

At the conclusion of the football season the writer called the attention of the readers to the fact that Latin captains have been forced by various reasons to watch their teams from the side lines. Now the hockey season has finished and Capt. Bob Garrity has not played a game. The injury to the leader's nose and the ineligibility of Al McGrath were the deciding factors that threw the championship to Dorchester.

#### *Latin*

#### *English*

Foster (Donaghy), lw

rw, (Lewis), Thompson

Neal (Dwyer, Avery), c

c, (Maher), Trainor

Tucker (Minton), rw

lw, Tighe

Fusonie (Lynch), ld

ld, Aisner

Martin (Bruen), rd

rd, Keefe

Lyons, g

g, Silverberg

Score: Latin 2, English 0. Goals: Minton, Martin. Time: Three 12 min periods. Referee: Stewart.

\* \* \*

#### THE ELECTION

Shortly after the English game, the hockey team elected as their leader Frederick H. Foster '25. To help him

out next year, Martin, Tucker, Donaghy, Ed Woods, Herb Woods, Avery and Minton will be available.

#### THE SWIMMING TEAM

##### LATIN 66—HYDE PARK 27

Wednesday, March 5, the swimming team defeated Hyde Park, 66-27 in a swimming meet. Only in two places, the junior dive and junior plunge, did Hyde Park win. Had Kiburis been able to compete one of these would have been lost to the district school as he has been credited with over 50 feet. Captain Richard celebrated his return to the team after his illness by winning the backstroke in 17 2-5s. The summary:

\* \* \*

#### SENIOR DIVISION

100—Won by Sands (L); Ovans (L), second; Manchester (HP), third. Time: 1m 19 3-5s.

*Dive*—Won by Ryan (L); Ellison (L), second; Thubaldo (HP), third.

*Backstroke*—Won by Richard (L); Gwynn (HP), second; Hermann (L), third; Wilizewsky (HP), fourth. Time: 17 2-5s.

*Plunge*—Won by Bruen (L); Maxwell (HP), second; Ricci (HP), third. Distance: 36 ft.

*Relay*—Won by Latin (Sands, Ryan Ovans, Richard); Hyde Park (Ricci, Gwynn, Maxwell, Thubaldo), second.

\* \* \*

#### JUNIOR DIVISION

50—Won by Joy (L); Keith (L), second; Shea (HP), third; MacDonald (HP), fourth. Time: 32s.

*Dive*—Won by Russell (HP); Ryan (L), second; Stone (L), third; Higgins (HP), fourth.

*Plunge*—Won by Marklis (HP); Harris (L), second; Jarosh (L), third; McWhinney (HP), fourth. Distance: 45 ft.

*Relay*—Won by Latin (Keith, Harris, Jarosh, Joy); Hyde Park (Marklis, Melin, Shea, Foryson). Time: 1m 32s.

## THE RINDGE MEET

At the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. Pool on Friday, March 7, the Rindge swimming team defeated the Latin natators, 37-15. Latin failed to capture a first. Capt. Muddy Richard placed in two events, while Joy and Keith, juniors in the Boston classification placed in the swims, and Harris, also a junior scored in the plunge. The summary:

*20-yard swim*—Won by St. Clair (R); second, Conant (R); third, Richard (L); Time: 10 3-5s.

*40-yard swim*—Won by St. Clair (R); second, Richard (L); third, Keith (L).

*100-yard swim*—Won by McKalvie (R); second, Sands (L); third, Joy (L). Time: 1m 22 3-5s.

*Dive*—Won by Hardy (R); second, Anthony (R); third, Ryan (L).

*Plunge*—Won by Swabowsky (R); second, Harris (L); third, Bruno (R). Distance: 50 ft.

*Relay*—Won by Rindge (Hardy, Conant, St. Clair, Anthony); Latin (Sands, Keith, Joy, Richard), second. Time: 1m 38 3-5s.

\* \* \*

## THE SOUTH BOSTON MEET

Monday, March 10, at the Bunker Hill Boys' Club, the swimming team defeated South Boston, 71-38. Many of the Latin boys did not appear, and the Purple had but one man entered in three of the events. In two of the three, the lone entrant was good enough to win. The summary:

## SENIOR

*100-yard swim*—Won by Shea (SB); Sands (L), second. Time: 1m 20 1 5s.

*Dive*—Won by Ellison (L); Hopkins (SB), second; Wyzinsky (SB), third.

*40-yard backstroke*—Won by Richard (L); Holland (SB), second; Hermann (L), third, Newcomb (SB), fourth.

*Breast stroke*—Won by Allingham (SB); Egan (L), second; Silbert (L), third. Time: 43 2-5s.

*Plunge*—Won by Feinberg (L); Crawford (SB), second.

*Relay*—Won by Latin (Sands, Ellison, Hermann, Richard); South Boston, (Shea, Holland, Wyzansky, Hopkins), second.

## JUNIOR

*40-yard swim*—Won by Joy (L); Sidlanskas (SB), second; O'Donnell (SB), third. Time: 24 4-5s.

*Dive*—Won by Stone (L); Ryan (L), second; Burke (SB), third.

*25-yard backstroke*—Won by Jarosh (L); Keith (L), second; Macevitch (SB), third.

*Breast stroke*—Won by Leventhal (L); O'Donnell (SB), second; Raftery (L), third; Hann (SB), fourth.

*Plunge*—Won by Kiburis (L); Harris (L), second; Kalishes (SB), third; Jasivech (SB), fourth. Distance: 49 ft.

*Relay*—Won by Latin (Keith, Harris, Jarosh, Joy); South Boston (Kalinsky, Sidlanskas, O'Donnell, Jasivech), second.

\* \* \*

## THE B. C. H. MEET

It is a sad commentary on the famous Latin School spirit, when the captain of a sport team feels obliged to take part in a contest, although badly crippled with rheumatism, because of the fact that enough men did not appear to give the team even an outside chance of winning. This is what happened in the swimming meet with B. C. H. Many of the members of the team, although present in school, failed to appear. Captain Richard swam and won the backstroke, and then had to be lifted from the tank. Richard was in no condition for a race, and it speaks much for him that he was willing to compete under such adverse conditions, while many of his more fortunate teammates "passed the buck". Seven or eight of those winning places for Latin had never swum before in a meet, but volunteered their services when the plight of the team was known. The summary:

*Senior 100*—Won by Doyle (BCH); Gallagher (BCH), second; Sands (L), third; Stenberg (L), fourth. Time: 1m 18 3-5s.

*Senior backstroke*—Won by Richard (L); Nyhan (BCH), second; Hermann (L), third; Crane (BCH), fourth.

*Senior breaststroke*—Won by Dunn (BCH); Hoffmann (L), second; Chamberlain (BCH) and Feinberg (L) disqualified.

*Senior dive*—Won by Ellison (L); Callahan (BCH), second; Bruen (L), third; McCabe (BCH), fourth.

*Senior plunge*—Won by Callahan (BCH); O'Brien (BCH), second; Feinberg (L), third; Canner (L), fourth.

*Relay*—Won by B. C. H. (McCabe, Chamberlain, Gallagher, Doyle); Latin (Sands, Hermann, Bruen, Ellison) second.

*Junior 40*—Won by Doherty (BCH); Joy (L), second; Flynn (BCH), third; Korb (L), fourth.

*Junior dive*—Won by Edwards (BCH); Ryan (L), second; Crowley (BCH), third; Stone (L), fourth.

*Junior backstroke*—Won by Jarosh (L); Ford (BCH), second; Downey (BCH), third.

*Junior breast stroke*—Won by St. John (BCH), Murphy (BCH) and Leventhal and Raftery of Latin disqualified.

*Plunge*—Won by Kiburis (L); Harris (L), second; Martin (BCH), third; Drummey (BCH), fourth.

*Junior relay*—Won by B. C. H. (Doherty, Ford, Flynn, Edwards); Latin (Jarosh, Harris, Kiburis, Joy) second.

Score: Boston College High 66, Boston Latin 43.

#### THE RIFLE TEAM

The rifle team started the month with a victory over the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Freshmen. Sullivan of the Engineer Cubs was high man of the match with a ninety-nine. Harris and Keefe led the Latin men with ninety-seven.

The next match was an overwhelming defeat. Iowa City High, for the second year in succession beat us. The westerners turned in as core of 497. The Purple gunmen scored 477. The Latin team was without the services of three of the team, but it is extremely improbable that these men would have changed the result.

The Orange and Black was the next to advance their average at our expense. The New Jersey rifles added up to 491. While our record this year does not allow us to make any claims to national honors, it might be well to remember that three of our defeats have been administered by college Freshmen teams, the big three, Harvard, Yale and now, Princeton.

The Fenway riflemen showed that the long season has not yet taken the kick out of them when they turned back Northeastern Varsity. The Y boys felt safe with a 490, but the Latin men were not to be denied and went the Red and Black three points better. This, I believe, is the highest score ever attained by a Latin team, besting the 488 mark set up by last year's team by five points, and it also represents the high mark of the Boston schools this year. We may not win the championship, but we will have something to say about who will. The placers were Egan and Fox with 100, Harris with a 99, while Captain Potter and Gibbons with 97. The latter seems to have recovered from the effects of the early season accident and is once more shooting with the best. It is only fair to say that Stenberg also hit 97 but lost to Potter and Gibbons in the toss for places.

\* \* \*

#### THE TENNIS SCHEDULE

April 29—Brookline

May 1—Browne and Nichols

6—Milton Academy

10—Newton High

27—Huntington



June 7—Groton  
10—Somerville  
League dates not assigned.  
\* \* \*

## THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 16—Milton Academy  
17—Newton  
19—Groton  
23—Middlesex  
25—Mechanics  
29—Dorchester  
30—Thayer Academy  
May 2—English  
3—St. George's

7—Norwood  
10—Pomfret  
12—Mechanics  
14—Quincy  
16—Commerce  
17—Lawrence  
21—B. C. High  
23—Commerce  
24—St. Johns  
28—Jamaica Plain  
29—Dorchester  
31—Durfee (*Pending*)  
June 2—English

## A Word About the Dramatic Club

Sometime in the far distant past, there was an organization known as the Latin School Dramatic Club. For some unknown reason, the club passed out of existence. Last year, certain members of the school revived the club and presented a play very successfully in the school hall. For the second year this new organization is to present a play on Friday, May 2.

"A Pair of Sixes," written by Edward Peple and published by Samuel French of New York is the production.

The lead will be played by Bob Parks, who will take the part of T. Boggs Johns, first a business man and then a butler. His partner in the pill business and his opponent in everything else, George Nettleton, will be played by Ken Anthony.

The part of Krome, the bookkeeper will be taken by Robert Fay, while Vic Crona will have the part of the

stenographer, Sally Parker. The third employee of the firm, Tony Toler, the salesman, will be E. J. Keefe.

Arnold Rigby will double up. He will first be seen as the shipping clerk and then as Mr. Applegate, the prospective customer. Lazard Seiff will be the office boy.

Kelso Sutton makes a charming young lady as Miss Cole, "Mr. John's girl". Abramson will play the part of Mrs. Nettleton and DeLuca the part of Coodles the maid of all work.

Last, but not least, the man who gets himself into trouble trying to get others out of it, Thomas Vandeholt, will be acted by Fred Burleigh.

*President*—Robert B. Parks '25

*Vice-President*—Geo. F. Higgins '24

*Secretary*—Edward J. Keefe '24

*Business Manager*—James M. Curley, Jr. '24

*Stage Director*—Albert T. Fusonie '24





Why did the burning deck-boy choose  
To stand upon his feet?  
Because the lad had thicker shoes  
Than he had trouser-seat.

\* \* \*

Patron: "Waiter, there's sand in my bread."

Waiter: "Yes sir, that's to keep the butter from sliding off."

\* \* \*

"Bobby, did you take that message to Mrs. Turner?"

"Yes'm."

"And what did you find out?"

"Mrs. Turner."

\* \* \*

A man may be down in the cellar,  
but he's not necessarily out.

\* \* \*

Husband: "I forgot my umbrella this morning, dear."

Wife (sarcastically): "However did you come to remember you had forgotten it?"

Husband: "Well, I shouldn't have missed it, dear, only I raised my hand to shut it when the rain ceased."

\* \* \*

Question: "How does a delinquent husband differ from March?"

Answer: "He comes in like a liar and goes out like a lamp."

A swallow may not make a summer,  
but often it brings a funeral.

\* \* \*

Soph: "I was over, last night, to see her, when some one threw a brick thro' the window and hit her in the ribs."

Fresh: "Did it hurt her?"

Soph: "No, but it broke three of my fingers."

\* \* \*

"So your cook quit, Jack?"

"Yep! My Swedie wen' away."

\* \* \*

One of our "math" sharks tells us that a love triangle usually turns into a wrecktangle.

\* \* \*

Officer: "How do you address the Secretary of the Navy?"

Gob: "Your Warship, of course."

\* \* \*

Bloggs: "I have nothing but praise for the new Vicar."

Joggs: "So I noticed, when they passed the plate around."

\* \* \*

You never hear the bee complain,  
Nor hear it weep or wail;  
But if it wish, it can unfold  
A very painful tail.

## Advertisements

Hostess: "Winter draws on."

James: "No, mam, but if it keeps cold like this I'll put them on Saturday."

\* \* \*

John asked Mary  
To take a  
Walk with him and  
Pick flowers.  
But little Bobby  
Came along  
So  
They picked flowers.

\* \* \*

She: "Do you believe in betting?"

He: "Petting?"

She: "No, betting."

He: "Oh yes, I bet."

She: "You pet?"

He: "You bet."

## LAW STUDENTS

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A little bee sat on a tree  
And then he sat on me, o. g.

\* \* \*

Cavalry Officer: "Where did you  
learn to ride a horse?"

Recruit: "On the back, sir."

\* \* \*

#### NECKST

She frowned on him  
And called him Mr.  
Because in fun, he merely Kr.  
And then, in spite  
The following night  
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

\* \* \*

#### TROMBONES

A trombone might well be called "a  
canned bray of a jackass on the install-  
ment plan." No one who has ever  
heard a trombone at close quarters ever  
came off with more than half his brains.  
A trombone in an orchestra takes the  
place of a half dozen kettle-drums,  
kitchen utensils, frying-pans, jews-harps,  
and what not. When Cerberus, tired  
of barking, day and night, at the  
quaking shadows that ever disturbed  
his rest, asked Hecate, mistress of the  
lower world, for something to take the  
place of his barking so that he might  
rest up his voice, she sent him to the  
chief of the avenging Furies for a sub-  
stitute. Day and night she pondered  
over some noise-making instrument with  
which both man and ghost might be  
made to tremble; at last she invented  
the trombone.

Trombone playing comes natural to

those who in their younger days amused  
themselves with pulling and stretching  
the wad of chewing gum in their mouths  
with their hands: Others can master  
the science in ten minutes. The trom-  
bone player usually gets his first in a  
toy store; after a short while he desires  
more scientific braying,—he gets a  
better one,—until, at length, he reaches  
the acme of perfection;—without look-  
ing at him, one cannot tell whether it  
be an actual jackass or merely a human  
one.

—B. B. R.

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

"Is your son a musician?"

"Why at the age of three, he played  
on the linoleum."

\* \* \*

Tim: "My alarm clock went off this  
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Min: "Hasn't it come back yet?"



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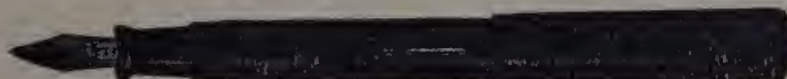
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